ADVICE,

written & composed

by

MR. DIBDIN,

and Sung by him

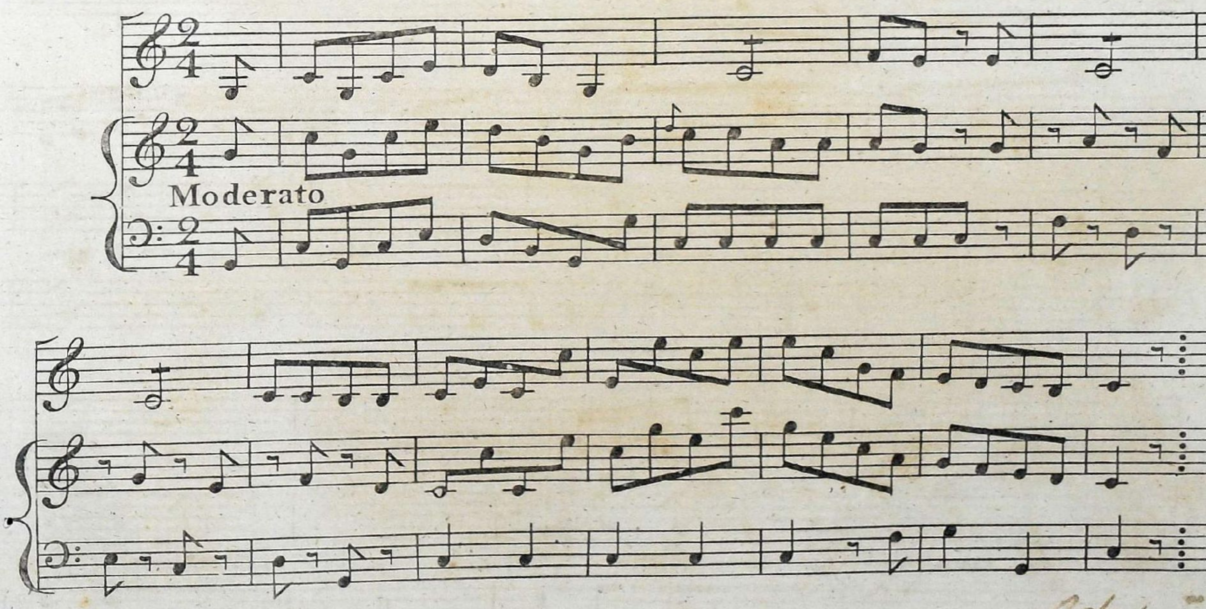
in his New Entertainment,

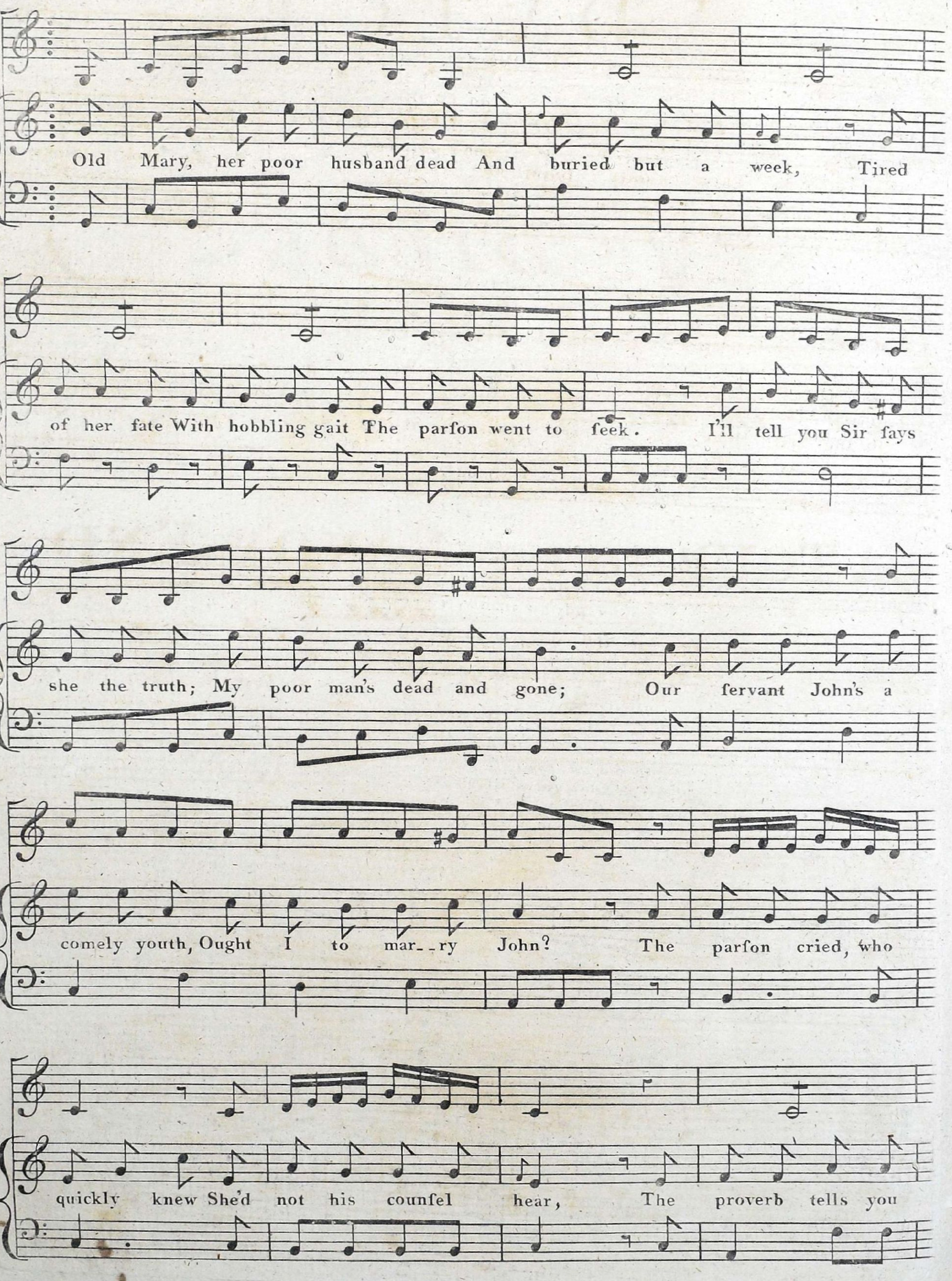
called

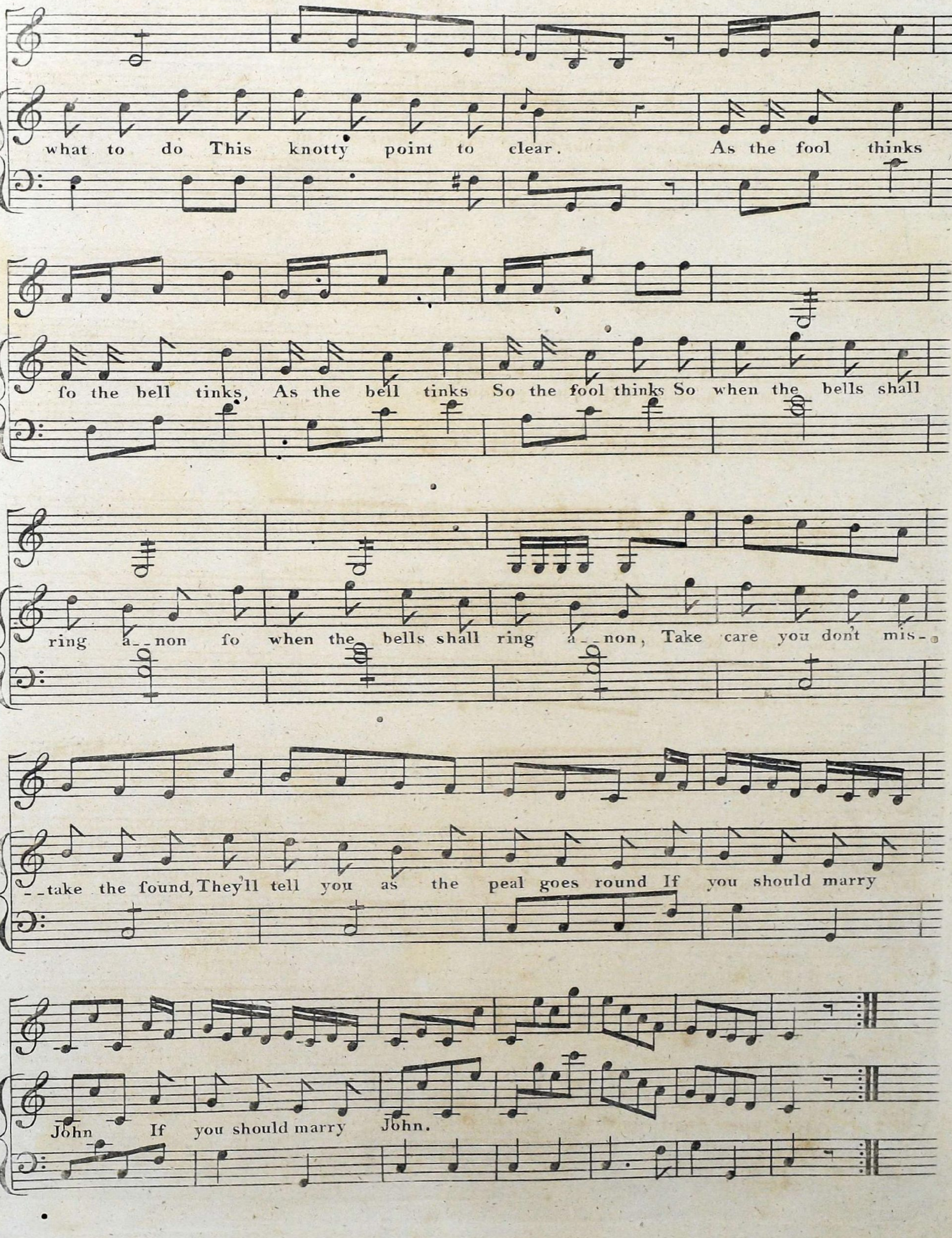
A TOUR TO THE LAND'S END.

Pr. 1s.

London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse Leicester Place, Leicester Square




Old Mary, her poor husband dead And buried but a week, Tired
of her fate With hobbling gait The parson went to seek. I'll tell you Sir says
she the truth; My poor man's dead and gone; Our servant John's a
comely youth, Ought I to mar--ry John? The parson cried, who
quickly knew She'd not his counsel hear, The proverb tells you


what to do This knotty point to clear. As the fool thinks
so the bell tinks, As the bell tinks So the fool thinks So when the bells shall
ring a__non so when the bells shall ring a__non, Take care you don't mis_
__take the sound, They'll tell you as the peal goes round If you should marry
John If you should marry John.

61

2

Now Mary liſtens to each bell
"Hey that's a knell that tolled,
"Tis not for me thank heaven well, well,
"I'm not yet quite ſo old.

"But of a burying should you think,
"They ſay a wedding's near;
"I hope the bells will ſweetly tink
"That I should wed my dear.

At length the ringers rouse her hopes
And all her ſenſes charm,
And, as they ſingly pull the ropes,
Her aged blood grows warm,

But, as the fool thinks
So the bell tinks;
And now the ſprightly peal comes on,
While Mary, as they tug away,
Cries lovely bells how plain they ſay
Do, Mary, marry John.

3

Now at both ends the candle's burned,
She's beggared to a ſouſe,
Each thing is topsy turvy turned,
Out of window goes the house.

I cannot this diſtreſs ſurvive;
What ſcandal and disgrace!
Would my firſt husband were alive,
Or I were in his place.

"A curse upon the fatal day
"I liſtened to the bells,
"That took my reaſon quite away,
"Juſt like so many spells;

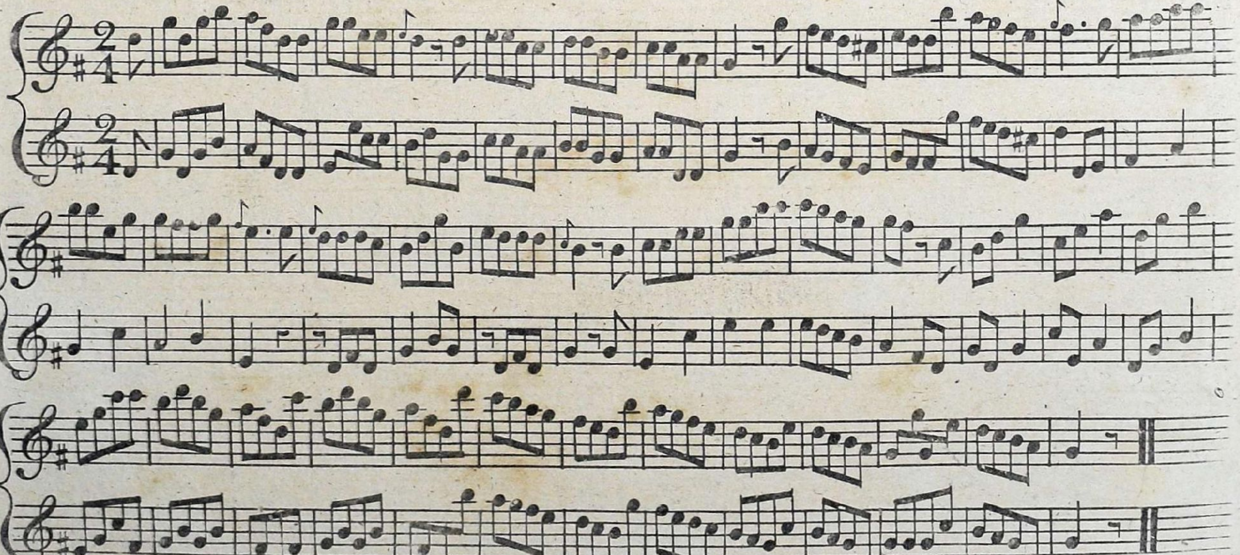
But, as the fool thinks
So the bell tinks;
Why what muſt I be thinking on,
To fancy, as they rang away,
The bells ſo ſtupid were to ſay
That I should marry John.

4

Strait to the Parſon Mary goes,
And thickly lays it on;
You are the cause of all my woes,
You married me to John.

Nay, nay, to lay the blame on me,
Good Mary, is unkind;
I never yet advised the ſea,
A woman, or the wind.

Hark, hark, the bells are ringing now!
They ſound with might and main;
I what they ſay can hear. Canſt thou?
I hear 'em Sir too plain

But, as the fool thinks
So the bell tinks;
But folly 'twas ſet me on,
Intent upon my foolish freak,
They cry as plain as they can ſpeak
Don't, Mary, marry John.

Two FLUTES.